

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Sedgwick County Republican Ticket.
For District Judge.....C. REED
For State Senator.....H. T. GORDON
For Sheriff.....HENRY SCHLAD
For Treasurer.....MORRIS LLOYD
For Register.....JOHN STANLEY
For Clerk.....A. M. DENNY
For Surveyor.....A. H. JACKMAN
For Coroner.....W. McCLELLAN
For Commissioner.....W. J. PITTINGER
Third District.....W. J. PITTINGER

Judge Foote explains he was on business in that "house" in Topeka when caught. Business is business.

Having proved Holmes a murderer the police should now rustle around and get a little evidence to support it.

Emporia holds an election next spring and should by all means choose a mayor for Leavenworth while she is at it.

"Too much adulation," says Mrs. Corbett, "turned Jim's head." It is understood that adulation was visited in 1896.

Astronomers will note that the eclipse of Mr. Horr is now visible in all parts of the United States and a portion of Europe.

Nobody was killed in the Bannock massacre, and the readers of newspapers in the east will probably all be resuscitated.

While that Georgia preacher says bloomers are not in good form he will not deny that good form is sometimes in bloomers.

At any rate the Emporia man who explored Leavenworth, did not remain long enough to have a rescuing party sent after him.

This nation's happiness increases as the time flies. Why, this time one week ago, the Horr-Harvey debate was on in full force.

Bill Doolin is again reported very sick. If Bill has one foot in the grave, it is hoped that it is the one dangling to that mangled left leg.

As propounded in Georgia the devil may lurk in bloomers and still everything be all right. "Lark" is a good old Anglo-Saxon word.

Towards the end of the discussion with Fitzsimmons it is understood that Mr. Corbett asks two seconds additional to close the debate.

Reports from Jackson Hole say that the Indians have seized all the passes. This indicates that the passes are not marked "not transferable."

Forest fires in the east; cloud-bursts in the west. Move west, young man, and in escaping from being cremated, die the easy death of drowning.

Let it be said, however, that in the published book of the debate sweet little "Coin" will not have the walk-away in it he did in the "School."

As Maryland has declared against silver, it will at once appeal to the goldbugs that Maryland is one of the most important states in the Union.

Women in California continue to shower flowers on young Durrant. Otherwise the authorities have produced no evidence that he is a murderer.

With almost criminal negligence the Kansas newspapers have failed to note that Ralph Burton has stormed Mr. Ingalls' red necktie position and taken it.

That Emporia man who went to Leavenworth and looked at it, doesn't like the town. The only thing left for him to do apparently is to go back to Emporia.

Emporia boarding houses are stealing the trade of Topeka boarding houses by offering lower prices. We have had the war of roses. Why not the war of the prunes?

The absence of an ex-Catholic priest in the A. P. A. row at Omaha is reassuring, and shrewd people will not get excited over the trouble until it actually takes place.

These Indian massacres are perplexing. The modern Indian is too ignorant to deny them, and if you educate him, he will write fables about them just like the white man.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a paper famed for its Anarchistic utterances, says a woman who kills her seducer should be found guilty of "commendable homicide."

A man was mobbed on the streets of New York the other day for singing "Every Day Will Be Sunday Bye-and-Bye." They are trying to close the saloons on Sunday in New York.

We are a great people. The cyclone is never so terrible; the flood never so deadly; the flood never so annihilating that it does not leave a newspaper man on the scene to describe the catastrophe.

Professor Wiggins claims that eventually the air will draw all the moisture of the great lakes. There is a suspicion that the clouds dropped a portion of Lake Superior on western Kansas last week.

Of course Kansas is anxious to hear from Walker, but it desires Minister Eustis to use caution and not break any of his bones by throwing himself against the portcullis in order to gain admittance to the Chateau.

Thomas Browne Peacock, the poet whose wife is suing him for a divorce, once spoke of her "warm, rich, red, wine-kissed lips." Mrs. Peacock discovered later that Thomas was full of wine when he kissed her.

That Emporia man says the saloons of Leavenworth are wider open than the saloons of Chicago. This is terrible. Is the fate of Chicago going to overtake Leavenworth and its population to increase to 1,500,000?

PRINCIPALLY PERSONAL.

Touching the long-winded editorial of the Topeka Capital, of a few days since, headed "The Row in Wichita," but which in being devoted to the devoted head of the editor of the Eagle, contained the canard that has since been quoted throughout the state, to the effect that "Colonel Murdoch eagerly pledged himself as a gubernatorial aspirant in 1892 to enforce the prohibitory law at all hazards," we have just this to say: It is not true. That ought to settle it. But it won't.

What are the facts? In the first place we were in no sense an aspirant for the honor. In the second place our candidacy was an enforced one. It came about or was inspired by three things, one being Murdoch's Rebellion against the ruling rule in the state; another being our demand for Resubmission, and the last our fight against the Missouri River Traffic Trust which in discriminating against all possible commercial aspirations for interior Kansas was ruining Wichita. The great majority of the voters who elected Lewelling governor were with us on the first proposition; the peoples of Kansas City, Kansas, Leavenworth and Atchison were with us on the second suggestion, and the big towns of interior Kansas, including Salina, Hutchinson, Arkansas City, Wellington, Winfield and Wichita were with us on the third. Altogether, the sentiments combined, forced our candidacy, and had we been nominated we would have been elected by an overwhelming majority. There would have been a sufficient number of votes saved to the Republican party in the Seventh congressional district alone to have defeated our distinguished fellow townsman, who was elected governor.

But the dominating ring of the party, which includes the present honorable state printer and the governor of today, as also the Farmer candidate, who was defeated in that campaign, wouldn't have it, and as bosses and not the people run parties we returned home a very happy man, proud of our friends and particularly proud of Wichita, proud and happy in spite of the fact that a convention of 700 men, of a party and state which we had served all our life to the best of our poor and humble abilities, went out of their way to heap upon us and our honorable delegates an insult the like of which stands unparalleled, such an insult as caused close friends to shed tears of indignation and humiliation. Morrill, hoping for his chances in the future, swallowed his part of the insult and crawled back into the good graces of his enemies, while the Capital came out with an apology for the crowd whom the people, in their contempt, sunk with its boasted Republican majority of 80,000, out of sight.

Now as to that "enger prohibition pledge" and the platform of that year, said to have been inspired by us. We were approached by just two delegations on that question. Both were made up of preachers and extreme prohibitory delegates, and both meetings occurred in parlor "C" of the Copehead hotel. We said to each that a law of that character was extremely difficult if not impossible of enforcement in any community where the majority sentiment was against it. Morrill was not the first man but the last to declare that truth—but that such cities as came under the police commission law whose people desired its enforcement might rest assured that they would have such commissions as they desired, laughingly adding that we thought we could do as well as Humphrey had in Wichita, or Martin in Atchison and Leavenworth, and closing by saying that Topeka should have it in both letter and spirit to its heart's content. Having the preliminary organization in our own hands and realizing that the Morrill forces could not, and that the ring forces would not, permit our nomination, because of our well-known attitude on Resubmission and on the state house ring we acknowledge to the crime of suggesting that the platform be made very radical on prohibition; but the committee, being afraid, a straddle resulted, although straddle as it was, it was stronger in terms than the party dared venture, with Morrill as a candidate, last year, and who could not have been elected had there been a prohibition plank in the platform, but who now, it seems, has been convinced by the Topeka crowd and the old ring remnants that majorities count for nothing, and that local officers can be found to do just what they were elected not to do.

The Eagle was with the great majority of the people of this state in 1892, as it is with them today, on every leading public question. So, go on with your lies; if we can't outlive them, we can die trying.

KICK THEM OUT.

That fellow Culver, who went up to Leavenworth to see that the prohibitory law was enforced, is the police judge of Emporia who it seems, fined a lot of bike riders and then passed upon the constitutionality of the city ordinance under which the fines were imposed. Think of a police judge of a town seriously attempting settling constitutional questions, and who on dull days for his own court puts in his time nosing around the affairs of other cities. However this Judge Culver is but a fair example of the men, but an exponent of the intolerance, which is guiding the life out of Kansas enterprise.

We don't know how the self-respecting people of Leavenworth felt when

they learned that a hired noser had been sent into their midst to smell out whether they were violating a sumptuary law, or what the feeling of the mayor and marshal and other officers of that city, may have been, but if they had proceeded to kick the Emporia police judge clear into Missouri nine men in the state out of every ten would have applauded the act. This Preacher Wood, whom the same society has hired at \$100 per month and expenses to drop on the gospel and take up and preach prohibition, ought to have been kicked out of the Methodist conference when his case came up at Wellington.

In speaking for Wichita, the great body of our women and men are decent, conscientious, self-respecting people, who thoroughly believe that they are as good as anybody else, and who know that Wichita is a pattern for moral rectitude. By the evidence of the late meetings held in this city there are just about ten so-constituted and who so believe to one who thinks our place and its people all wrong. And if Mr. Police Judge Culver, or any other walking delegate of the self-constituted noser crowd, comes to Wichita to insist that we are not able to take care of ourselves, or to run our own town, the Eagle will stand by any kick that will land the said delegates in the middle of the street.

CREED AND CUCUMBERS.

Rev. Washburne passed through the city of Waukomis, the other day, with his wagon full to the brim with cucumbers. On top those cucumbers perched two ducks.

The reverend gentleman was known to the citizens of the place, although he did not live there, but further north in the next county. These citizens challenged the gentleman of the cloth on his freight and he answered that he had been preaching up on Bear creek and the people there, having nothing else, had paid him in cucumbers and two ducks to boot.

The good gentleman thereupon pursued his journey, the nice, cool, emerald cucumbers jostling one another good-naturedly, and the ducks quacking a conversation between them, based on the likelihood of rain. He probably arrived home near midnight. Imagine the childish laughter that greeted him at the gate. Imagine the baby feet mounting the dusty wheels, aided by chubby hands, to examine the treasure their good father had brought home. Imagine their delight on the discovery of the ducks, and also imagine a steady diet of three weeks of duck and cucumber, with the duck pattering out after the third day. Think of the ineffable delight of raising an adult appetite by hard work in the field and rushing home at the sound of the cheery dinner bell and sitting down to a sumptuous feast of cucumbers. When the shades of night are falling and the world is at peace, see the bright light on the table, the happy family gathered around, the venerable father giving thanks for their daily cucumbers and the family falling to, a minute later, and chucking the progenitor of the pickle into themselves.

This is all imagined. No such thing takes place. The diet is not always cucumbers. The good man is off in a day or two to another settlement, and is laid in potatoes; or another day in chickens; another in tomatoes; so that the menu at home is varied and is not of the cruel monotony suggested by the cucumber incident at Waukomis. But with a diversified diet the Oklahoma minister does not tread a path of roses. His pay is usually in the products of the farm; his work unsteady and haphazard; but despite those drawbacks his audiences are sincere and devout. He meets them by appointment on Sundays in the little school houses. He indulges in the exploitation of no fact; he splits no hairs on heretical dangers; he questions the tenets of no creed; he urges no expediency for political reform. He preaches on the beauty and greatness of brotherly love; he tells the story of the Saviour over again, and expounds a parable; leads in the hymns and loads up his wagon with his "pay" and drives across the wide prairie homeward, the friend of all men, the enemy of none; the aggressor of no faction, not the adjudicator of all differences; not a reformer; but a minister—a minister of good.

There are scores of such evangelists in Oklahoma and they are doing a great work, though the temporal reward for services may at times result in an over-supply of cucumbers.

THE CRAWFORD COUNTY SYSTEM.

Two or three times in the past the Eagle successfully headed off the adoption of the Crawford county system of primary elections by the Republican party of Sedgwick county. It was originally adopted in Pennsylvania for the purpose of heading off beetlers and strikers and packed conventions. The aim was commendable, but the system proved not a majority but a plurality system. In truth it is more the rule than the exception that the system puts the majority at the mercy of the minority. Where there are more than three men offering for any one position it is inevitable almost that the nominee is only a minority man but a weak one.

The Eagle said nothing one way or the other touching the late action of its party managers in this county in adopting the Crawford county system. Its unwieldiness, expensiveness and unfairness will soon be learned by actual test, and the test promises to come sooner than we expected. It is said that there are at least five or six candidates for Judge Reed's place. Any country lawyer can force his nomination by simply commanding a majority of the county delegates. One-third of them would probably be found sufficient.

IS THE WARNING SUFFICIENT.

Everywhere Prohibition has been attempted, the result has been uniformly disastrous to the Republican party, until that party refused to listen longer to the active and turbulent minority intolerant who seek to bridge the wishes of the majority. This was the case in Iowa as well as in Massa-

chusetts. To the Kansas Republican who has the interests of his party at heart a recapitulation of the political history of Iowa in its bearing on the denial of the wishes of a majority of the people will be interesting. That state has always been the "Republican stronghold" of the West, and in 1880 Garfield carried it by the immense plurality of 73,082 over Hancock, and a majority of 41,789 over Democrats, Greenbackers, and Prohibitionists combined. The possibility of a Democratic victory then seemed too absurd for contemplation, and yet within a dozen years a Democrat had been elected and re-elected governor. The denial of the principle of local option and home rule was solely responsible for this tremendous political revolution.

The believers in Prohibition had long demanded the wholesale application of this rule, and they finally secured from the Republicans the granting of a vote on an amendment to the constitution forbidding the "sale as a beverage of any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer." The amendment was carried in 1882 by a majority of nearly 30,000, but was annulled by the supreme court on account of technical faults in the manner of its passage through the legislature. In the election of 1883 a legislature was chosen which enacted a prohibitory law, and its enforcement was immediately begun.

The Republicans were responsible for the passage of the law, and the party managers cheerfully accepted the responsibility, expecting thus to strengthen the hold of the organization upon the voters. The Democrats from the first denounced the new law, and called for the substitution of a high-license and local option system. War issues maintained their pre-eminence longer in Iowa than almost anywhere else in the country, and the waving of the "bloody shirt" by the Republican managers for some years obscured local questions. Gradually, however, the prohibitory issue forced all other matters aside, and in the election of 1889, for the first time since the Republican party was formed, a Democrat was elected governor on a license platform by a majority of 6,523 in one of the largest votes ever polled.

The Republicans were sobered by this unexpected defeat, but they were not yet convinced. In the congressional campaign of 1890 they adopted a resolution that "we declare against a compromise with the saloon, and stand by the people of this state in their hostility to its existence, spread, and power." The result was the choice of a delegation to the representatives a majority of whom were Democrats, for the first time since the formation of the Republican party. In 1891 another election for governor was to be held. The Democrats renominated Governor Boies, and adopted a platform demanding the repeal of the prohibitory law and the passage of "a carefully guarded license law," with a minimum tax of \$500. The Republicans were much divided in mind as to their best policy, but finally concluded to challenge a verdict of the people on a last stand for the existing law, adopting this resolution on the subject:

In the interests of true temperance, and of the laws of Iowa enacted by the representatives of sovereign people, the saloon was made an outlaw in this state. We charge that the outlaw has had the patronage, counsel, and protection of the Democratic party; that the Democratic party as it has won power has nullified the law, defied the authority of the state and the expressed will of the people, and that now appeal is made to the voters of the whole state for approval of the lawless work. We recognize that the issue is law against defiance of law, subordination against insubordination, and that the state of Iowa must choose between the Democratic party and the law. We recognize that the issue is between the interest of true temperance and freedom and the rule of an indiscriminate traffic. We renew our allegiance to the people of Iowa and submit to them the determination of the issue, promising that the control of the next legislature by the Democratic party means state-wide license, and that the control of the next legislature by the Republicans means continued opposition to the behests of the saloon power through the maintenance and enforcement of the law.

The result was a decisive expression of the popular will. Governor Boies was re-elected by nearly 8,000 majority and the Republicans secured only 53 out of 100 representatives and 24 out of 50 senators. The more liberal Republicans in the upper branch joined in the passage of a license law, but it was defeated in the lower branch. The Republican managers recognized that a further struggle was hopeless. At the next election for governor they adopted a platform declaring that "Prohibition is no test of Republicanism," and relegating to the people of the legislative districts the question of retaining, modifying, or repealing the law then on the statute-book. Upon making this surrender on the question of local option, they recovered their old control, and the legislature passed the "amulet tax law," which virtually abrogates Prohibition in any community where a majority of the voters petition for the sale of liquor.

This year the Republicans make no allusion whatever to the subject in their platform, and their candidate for governor explains that the silence is intentional and justifiable. Upon this point General Drake says: "The silence of the party does not mean cowardice. It means a recognition of the wholehearted Republican principle of home rule and rule by majority. Two years ago, in accordance with this policy, the Republican party relegated the liquor question to the legislative districts. It remains relegated. The present quiet law has not wholly satisfied all, but it has been in the main satisfactory. It has preserved as much of prohibition as was really effective and it has placed the traffic under some degree of regulation in the other communities."

The Topeka Journal of Wednesday evening contained five articles on the subject of the "amulet tax law" in Wichita, every one with a big headline, besides editorial references. One of the articles contained an interview with James Allison of this city, who in reply to the question "are the saloons open in Wichita?" said: "They have been as wide open as they ever were. Just as wide open as when Governor Morrill ordered them closed and then they sat down and have not done

anything since. The saloons immediately reopened and are just as wide open today as they ever were." We leave it to Mr. Allison and the Journal to explain the answer.

Mystery of Paris' streets.

Here is an interesting extract from a Paris letter: "Once and only once was it given to Paris to be puzzled by a street singer. The apparition only lasted three months, but while it lasted it was most perplexing to us. One evening all the loungers on the boulevard who were sipping their beer or 'straining' parrot' as the French phrase has it to describe the process of imbibing a dose of that subtle poison, absinthe, were mildly bored by observing the approach of a street musician; one man trundled a piano, a second carried a violin, and a third, a tall, slight woman in deep mourning, her grave face sweeping over her face, took up her station between them. They paused and prepared for action, whereupon many people, knowing the violence and discord of street music, made ready to leave, when, to the utter amazement of all to the accompaniment of two fairly good instruments, arose in the night air an exquisitely modulated and very powerful female voice, singing with a heart-break in every note, the wild wail of Traviata over her approaching death. 'Gran Dio, morir si giovane.' Perhaps the voice seemed to the Parisians to be public, perhaps it was aided by the stillness of the sultry air, but certainly it sounded most divine. Thunders of applause and a rain of coin, both gold and silver, rewarded the trio's efforts, but they never gave but two songs per evening and then disappeared. The adventurous men who followed the supple grace of the woman's tall figure returned discomfited, scared away by the tranquil aspect of her two companions. During that whole summer the strange band would appear every night, and every night would reap a harvest; but when the summer departed the trio vanished and never again reappeared. The Veiled Songstress, as she was called, came from the darkness and vanished into the night, and who she was or what she was, is a mystery. Of course, the police know, but the archives of the prefecture are sacred from the gaze of the profane; and as that is the case, and as Paris forgets as speedily as she acquires, wily we had the arithmetical puzzle, inaudible, the lightning calculator, to distract our attention that autumn in front of the cafes; so the Veiled Songstress sank out of sight, and the waves of oblivion have closed over her now and forever."

Bicycle Costumes in Paris.

Just now the ambition of most women appears to be to ride the man's machine, the diamond frame, a lighter machine than the ordinary woman's wheel; and I honestly believe that this latter wheel will soon be relegated to the limbo of curiosities. Much the same thing will happen with regard to the present costume. Already the skirt is fast going; another step and it will be but a memory. Here is the orthodox and really fashionable costume: Very full knickerbockers, the folds fall below the knee, the appearance being that of a skirt, and yet without a skirt's inconvenience; the waist may vary but the most popular, especially for slim-waisted women, is that known as the Bolero. And above all a man's cap or hat, in warm weather of straw, at other seasons of felt. The stockings may be of fine wool, black or dark blue; silk stockings are tabooed, and any color but black or dark blue, such as stripes or "loud" colors, are considered deplorable. Pink, lavender or buttoned ankles, but not reaching above the ankle. Gaiters are a blunder, and moreover they are apt to hurt. All this is highly artistic when properly worn; and yet the height of perfection has not been reached. Hundreds of bicyclists, men and women of irreproachable taste, are busy designing something that will be better, and the fashionable tailors are losing sleep in the quest for some successful design. The bicycle world awaits with an ovation the man of genius who will suggest a costume at once simple, elegant, appropriate, comfortable and last, but not least, not yet worn everywhere.—Scribner's.

How Mrs. Corbett Dressed.

It was 11 o'clock this morning when Referee Jacobs signified his readiness to proceed with the hearing. Mrs. Corbett, Miss King, Mr. Hummell, Mr. Sullivan and a Mr. Wilson were in the room. Mrs. Corbett could very well have been cast for the part of Innocence, but she looked more like the frequently pictured but rarely seen summer girl. The complainant appeared in a brand new costume, calculated to melt even a stony hearted referee in a divorce suit. Her skirt and waist were of white duck, and where they came together at the waist was a costly white belt, adorned with a handsome gold buckle. A gold chain and chateaine were suspended from her neck, and a neat white bow tie of the mannish design encircled the pink and white throat. A white sailor hat admirably set off its wearer's blond, curly hair. White gloves covered Mrs. Corbett's hands, and white shoes completed the cool appearance.—From report of the divorce trial.

Must Have Assistant Attorney General. From the Atchison Globe.

The records show that there have been 28 arrests for drunkenness in Topeka since the first of the present year. The number at Wichita for the same period was 133, and the number at Leavenworth 113. These are facts of record, and not mere assertions. Therefore, if the drunkenness in Topeka than in Leavenworth and Wichita combined. The Topeka papers get around the comparison in a very childish way: They say that Leavenworth and Wichita do not arrest people for being drunk! They go further, and say that Leavenworth and Wichita people are heavy-drunk, red-nosed bums, which is a silly mistake. The facts are that there is more drunkenness in hypocritical Topeka than in any other town in Kansas, and that the Wichita and Leavenworth system of regulation results in less drunkenness than alleged prohibition in Topeka. No one has ever attempted to dispute that there are fifty places in Topeka where liquor is sold in violation of law. This does not include the thirty drug stores in Topeka.

PURLOINED PLUMAGE.

"No, we don't put much with the Americans," said an English sailor at Kiel. "You see, they are a mixed lot. They're Swedes and Norwegians and negroes, and I never met a sailor who was a real American, and so we don't put with them, although we have nothing against them."

There is a patriotic farmer near Smithport, Me., who has painted, in bright colors, his two barns and house red, while his three-story barn is painted white from roof to ground. To complete the decoration crossed flags have been painted on the barn.

At the Kiel festival the Hamburg senators attracted much attention by appearing in their Spanish-Neapolitan costumes of 1891. It was the usual dress of the wealthy citizens of the middle of the sixteenth century.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the chief of the syndicate which supplied the United States with gold in exchange for bonds, began life as a clerk with the old New York banking firm of Drexler, Sherman & Co.

BOSTON STORE.

Values Without Precedent!
Down! Down! Out They Go!
BARGAINS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

As you pass down Douglas Ave. don't fail to notice our show cases in front of the store. TEN cases loaded down with useful and attractive bargains.

Twenty gross Fancy Variegated Rose Jars, beautiful, sold in queensware stores at 25c. Choice, 15 cents.

Cut Glass Rose Jars.....12c
Cut Glass Vases.....14c
Cut Glass Tumblers.....7c
100 Gross Vaseline, drug store price 10c, ours.....5c
50 dozen Japanese Fans, season price 15c, 20c and 25c; choice.....10c
35 dozen Ladies' Hose, fast black, a splendid value at 15c pair; choice.....7c
An elegant line of Gents' Sateen Scarf Ties, light shades sold all season at 50c. Now 24c.

White Honeycomb Bedspreads, Choice 57c.
Outing Cloth Shirt Waists, Each 15c.
All wool Challies, the largest and latest line in town, 25c.
Box good Stationery, 24 sheets of paper, 24 envelopes, 6c.
Dressette, the new skirt wire, clock spring, 1 lb. in casing, Per yard 4c.
Sad Irons, nickel plated, per set of three, 89c.
All linen checked Towels, 5c.
Cotton Crevasses, plain colors, all shades, 5c.

Boston Store
101 CENT ST. WICHITA, KANS.

Special Prices

On Letter Heads, Envelopes and Other Commercial Printing.

Read This From the Eagle Job Department.

We will print your name and address on 5,000 envelopes, No. 6, White, for

\$4.75

We will print your Business Card on 5,000 XX No. 6 1-2 White Envelopes for

\$5.00

We will print you 1,000 Letter Heads on 8 lb paper for . . . \$1.50
5,000 for . . . 6.50
On 10 lb paper, 1,000, . . . 2.00
5,000 for . . . 8.75
On 12 lb paper, 1,000, . . . 2.25
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The quality of paper in these goods is the same brands that we have been handling for years. The above prices are from

30 to 40 Per Cent Lower

Than we have ever done work. Send for Samples. Don't forget or fail to Send the Cash with the Order.

THE EAGLE PRESS

William Whitaker of Wilmington, Del., has lodged complaint with the police department that his neighbor's dog has annoyed him by its howling for thirteen years. This was his first complaint.

Quadruplets, all boys, were born to the wife of a Mexican named Enofias, at Nogales, Ariz., on July 18. At last account all the babies and the mother are doing exceedingly well.

Dr. F. J. Farnhall, who is an authority on the English language and literature of the Elizabethan era, says that Shakespeare's name was pronounced Shakspear.

A milkman of Wicksboro, Pa., uses a bicycle in serving his early morning customers. He has invented a little rifle for strapping the milk can safely to the machine.

The Saxon village of Heleben, famous as the birthplace of Luther, is falling into decay as the result of continued earthquake shocks, which began in 1882.

A WOMAN'S LIFE.
The true one-half of woman's life is hope and one-half resignation. Between lies Anguish of broken dreams, doubt, dire surprise.
And then is borne the strength with all to cope.
Unconsciously sublime, life's shadowed slope
She braves, the knowledge in her patient eyes
Of all that love bestows and love denies
As writ in every woman's nose.
She lives, her heart beats given to others' needs.
Her hands to lift for others on the way
The burdens which their weariness forgo.
She dies, an uncrowned doer of great deeds.
Remembered? Yes, as is for one brief day
The one who leaves in some forgotten book.
—Mary A. Townsend.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.
It is about time again for the H. O. G. road to "begin building in ten days."
Arapahoe has a Professor Garner. Does he know anything about money? I think he is now trying to see how big he can eat before a railroad strike hits.

And Perry wiped up the earth with Enid at baseball! Ed Reno ought to feel better. The name of Hoke Smith township in Kansas has been changed to Coal Creek. Ah!

Edie Gilstrap, of the Chandler News, calls a halt on the Oklahoma editors publishing so much baseball news.

Frank Greer will talk to the next editorial convention on "Cash in Advance." Admission to the hall will be free.

The Fort Tribune thinks the Oklahoma farmers should put their heads before going into the fall to feed the animals.

The business men on the west side of Main street at Blackwell have just warned the men on the east side at base ball.

A religious paper at Guthrie charges Rev. Thompson of Chandler, with intemperance. The Chandler paper says the charge is untrue.

There's an Oklahoma paper. Never judge a man by appearance. The old fellow with a shabby coat may have 100 acres of corn behind him.

Palmer, of the Patriot, has fixed it all up. He is publishing a map showing the location of the Rock Island and the H. O. G. roads at Medford.

The Free Press from at Kingfisher cooled a million off for twenty-four hours. Then they gathered around it and cut it open. It was green.

McLoud is to have a coal depot and the papers there say it will cost \$200,000. The two last figures are for the purpose of making rural towns mad.

That potent man down in front sobbing hysterically and raising the whole congregation to stare at him, is an Oklahoma lad, my child, who published a conservative estimate of the corn crop.

We should like to make the acquaintance of that Hennessy lawyer who was chased by mistake by that vagabond commuted. A sheet of the imagination of the Hennessy correspondent would be an interesting thing to look at.

Rev. Washburn, living near Hennessy, passed through Waukomis recently with a wagon load of cucumbers and two ducks. He had been preaching on Bear creek and the farmers paid him in cucumbers and ducks. This happens to be true.

Freddie Winsell, 2 years of age, living at Perry, has a mother aged 38, two grandmothers in the forties, two great-grandmothers aged 62 and 72, and a great-great-grandmother, one great-grandfather and one great-great-grandfather, all living.